

ANALYSIS

PARSING

AND

SUPPLEMENTARY

J. Q. MILLER

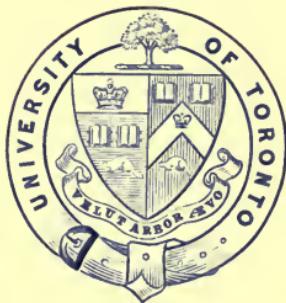
READING

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ANALYSIS, PARSING

AND

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

REV. J. O. MILLER, M.A.,
PRINCIPAL OF RIDLEY COLLEGE.

Author of "The Student's History Note Book," etc., etc.

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P R E F A C E.

These exercises in Analysis and Parsing require little explanation. They are intended for use by the pupils, accompanying the teacher's work on the blackboard. In explaining the different kinds of subordinate clauses, the teacher should put on the board many very easy examples, and should get five or six pupils at a time also to write them on the board, for comparison and correction in sight of the class. The shorter exercises here collected may also be worked by pupils at the board, as well as in the seats, thus ensuring rapidity of work and ease in correction of errors. The same plan may be adopted in parsing.

The poems are intended to serve three purposes :
(1) Supplementary Reading, (2) Rhetorical Analysis, and (3) Grammatical Analysis.



ANALYSIS, PARSING & SUPPLEMENTARY READING.

THE SIMPLE SENTENCE.

Plan for Analysis.

SUBJECT	MODIFIER	PREDICATE	MODIFIER	OBJECT	MODIFIER	COMPLEMENT	MODIFIER
lad	1. The 2. young	has done	well	lesson	his	—	—

Analyse—

1. The young lad has done his lesson well.
2. After dinner you may play in the garden.
3. Yesterday, the cat with the white tail caught five mice.
4. Yesterday, the cat played with her white tail after catching five mice.
5. Along the bank came a crowd of boys shouting loudly.
6. On the bank the crowd soon became unmanageable.
7. The crowd on the bank was too great for comfort.
8. Though old and grey, he was still leader of his party.
9. Having settled his army in winter quarters, Caesar set out for Rome.

10. His army being settled in winter quarters, Caesar left them for Rome.
11. His object attained, Nelson went to rescue the wounded.
12. Every boy exerts an influence for good or evil.
13. His ability to hit the ball was enough to secure him a place on the team.
14. The king sat in his counting house, counting up his money.
15. Some praise the work though bad in most respects.
16. Hearing the imperial name coupled with these words of malice, half in anger, half in shame, forth the great campaigner came slowly from his canvas palace.
17. Sink or swim, live or die, I give my heart and hand to this role.
18. They came on in three divisions firing heavily, and then rushing and shouting like men possessed.
19. It is a common thing to find boys eager to put off till to-morrow the duty of to-day.
20. It is sad to see the leaves fall after a heavy frost followed by rain.
21. He proposed, after some delay to foot it all the way home.
22. That sounds very much like the roar of a lion.
23. Either you or I must go, rain or shine.
24. Let me die the death of the righteous.

25. And I, behold, I establish my covenant with you.
26. My purse, my coffer, and myself is thine.
27. On him, their second Providence, they hung.
28. She sang Darius, good and great, by too severe a fate fallen from his high estate, and weltering in his blood.
29. Thou art freedom's now and fame's.
30. To read one book thoroughly is better for the mind than to skim over a dozen lightly.
31. The soldiers, wearied by their long march, and fainting from hunger and the heat of the sun, were unable to withstand the enemy's charge.
32. The hero of the final charge was unanimously chosen President of the Republic.
33. After a great deal of trouble the boys in the canoe kept their craft straight during the remaining half minute.
34. After a good deal of hesitation he gave her the letter to read.
35. Away, as fast as possible.
36. They chased the dog away, the other boys looking on with unconcern.
37. Last week there came to our house a traveller from Japan, with a large box of curiosities to sell.
38. This Caliban, Prospero found in the woods, a strange mis-shapen thing, far less human in form than an ape.

39. Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds, and the waves of the sea.
40. Between this little king and queen of sprites there happened, at this time, a sad disagreement, causing great trouble to all their fairy elves.
41. Leontes, pierced to the heart by the news, through pity for his unhappy queen, ordered her attendants to take her away, and use means for her recovery.
42. The good countess, receiving her with a cordial welcome, spoke kind words to comfort her for the unkind neglect of Bertram in sending his wife home alone on her bridal day.
43. Helena left a letter to be delivered to the countess after her departure, to acquaint her with the reason of her sudden absence.
44. We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning.
45. Slowly and sadly we laid him down
From the field of his fame fresh and gory.
46. O for a soft and gentle wind !
I heard a fair one cry.
47. He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.
48. Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen.
49. The Calender right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,

50. Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry.
51. The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed
The cock's shrill clarion or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.
52. The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,
Their lot forbade.
53. Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.
54. A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device
Excelsior !

COMPOUND SENTENCES.

Plan.

Principal Clause I—I tried hard.

Principal Clause II—I succeeded.

Co-ordinating Conjunction—and.

Analyse the following, drawing one stroke under the Subject and two strokes under the Predicate:—

1. I tried hard and I succeeded.
2. We had a holiday but it rained.
3. Either I will go there or he will come here.
4. He could not do the sum, yet he tried hard.
5. Get your books ; also trim the lamp.
6. He has not done his work, nor has he behaved well.
7. He will have to improve, else he will be punished.
8. He gave me the knife, otherwise I should have returned it long ago.
9. I would have given you the knife, only it was not mine.
10. They toil not, neither do they spin.
11. He said it was true, nevertheless I am not satisfied.
12. I promised to go, still I would rather not do so.

13. I might claim the money ; I will, however, let it go.
14. You have forfeited your claim ; notwithstanding, I will not insist upon my just right.
15. You have heard my argument ; I beseech you, therefore,* to take it into earnest consideration.
16. The man was badly hurt by the overturning of the carriage ; moreover, the horse was killed on the spot.
17. Then shook the hills with thunder riven ;
Then rushed the steed to battle driven ;
And louder than the bolts of Heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.
18. No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.
19. Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.
20. Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

* *Therefore* sometimes introduces an adverbial clause of result.

COMPLEX SENTENCES.

Plan A.—Full Analysis.

Example—“The man who shot the bird lost his dog when he returned from hunting.”

SENTENCE	KIND	SUBJECT	PREDICATE	MODIFIER	MODIFIER	OBJECT	MODIFIER	COMPLEMENT	MODIFIER	MODIFIER
The man lost his dog	Principal	man	lost	1. the	when he returned	dog	his	—	—	—
who shot the bird	adjective cl. mod. “man”	who	shot	2. who shot etc.	etc.	bird	the	—	—	—
when he returned from hunting.	adverb cl. of time mod. “lost”	he	returned	from hunting	—	—	—	—	—	—

Plan B.—Olause Analysis.

Principal Clause—“The man lost his dog.”

Subordinate Clause A—“who shot the bird”—Descriptive adj. clause modifying “man.”

Subordinate Clause B—“when he returned from hunting.”—Adverb clause of time modifying “lost.”

(A) ADJECTIVE CLAUSES.

1. The man who died was my friend.
2. That is the horse which I spoke of.
3. This is the house that Jack built.
4. The man over there, whom you hear shouting, is my friend.
5. The school from which you come is justly celebrated.
6. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.
7. He is the true enchanter whose spell operates upon the imagination and the heart.
8. He never does anything that is silly.
9. A great secret will I tell you, which you must not divulge.
10. Not all who run can win.
11. I know the spot where it lies.
12. He told me the exact moment when he would come.
13. Is there any reason why you cannot come?
14. Him whom thou hat'st I hate.
15. He returned to the home whence he had started on his travels.
16. I gave him all the money I had.
17. Handsome is that handsome does.
18. He is not all he should be.
19. The money you lost has all been recovered.
20. 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.

21. He won the same race as I did last year.
22. He has the means whereby he may accomplish it.
23. Make me savoury meat such as I love.
24. They won the game as was fully expected.
25. Have you the means wherewith to purchase it?
26. He hath the means whereby he may accomplish it.
27. Never yet was noble man but made ignoble talk.
28. The lords and dames wept, looking often from his face who read to hers lying silent.
29. 'Tis education forms the common mind.
30. I feel the gales that from ye blow,
Ye distant spires, ye antique towers
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade.
31. The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
32. Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.
33. In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow and pleasure at the helm ;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That hushed in grim repose expects his evening prey.

34. A voice as of the cherub-choir
Gales from blooming Eden bear,
And distant warblings lessen on my ear
That lost in long futurity expire.

35. Toll for the Brave !
The brave that are no more !
All sunk beneath the wave
Fast by their native shore.

36. Life is an inn where travellers stay ;
Some to breakfast and away ;
Some to dine and be full fed ;
The oldest to sup and go to bed ;
Those who have the longest stay
Surely having most to pay.

(B) NOUN CLAUSES.

I.—Noun Clause as Subject of a Verb.

1. That it rains is quite true.
2. That we shall win now seems certain.
- *3. It is quite true that it rains.
4. It now seems certain that we shall win.

II.—Noun Clause as Object of a Verb.

1. He said : "Let us go."
2. He said that we must go.
3. I wonder what they are doing.
4. The captain told them that he would lead them to victory.

III.—Noun Clause as Object of a Preposition.

1. He is different from what he once was.
2. I live near where he lives.
3. The truth of what you told me has been fully established.
4. With what he says I am in full accord.

IV.—Noun Clause as Complement of the Predicate.

1. This is what I mean.
2. The result was certainly not what I intended.

* In 3 and 4 the Noun Clause is called the Logical Subject, and "It" the Representative Subject.

3. He is fast becoming just what I predicted.
4. His home is where it never rains.

V.—Noun Clause in Apposition.

1. I am aware of the fact that he is here.
2. The news that we had won was very welcome.
3. He declared his opinion that the soldiers should march at once.
4. At last he has learned the lesson that he must obey.

VI.—Noun Clause Used Absolutely.

1. What we had done being found out, we were all punished.
2. Granted that he said so, you are still bound by your promise.
3. We all went back, it being certain that rain was coming.

VII.—Noun Clause Used as Adverbial Objective.

1. I am sure you will do your best.
2. He does not care what will happen.
3. They were all determined that they would do their best.
4. I am glad that you are coming to see me.

Analyse the following:—

1. How I am to get it done in time troubles me exceedingly.
2. He'll prove a buzzard is no fowl, and that a lord may be an owl.

3. You little know how much you have hurt me.
4. Have you heard if there is any news from the seat of war?
5. I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood.
6. The result is the same, however you do it.
7. Judging him by what he has accomplished, he is worthy of all honour.
8. I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.
9. He felt that wrong with wrong partakes,
That nothing stands alone,
That whoso gives the motive makes
His brother's sin his own.
10. A chieftain to the Highlands bound
Cries, " Boatman do not tarry !
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."
11. And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.
12. Yet remember, 'midst your wooing,
Love has bliss, but love has ruing.
13. O friend ! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being now too long opprest
To think that now our life is only drest
For show.

14. For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.
15. I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing.
16. Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine.
17. We look before and after,
And pine for what is not.
18. I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs.
19. 'Tis his highness' pleasure you do inform the men
that they must ride unto St. Alban's.
20. It was a common saying that when angry he was
sure to tell them they were a disgrace to the regi-
ment.
21. Courage, poor heart of stone ! I will not ask thee
why thou canst not understand that thou art left
forever alone.
22. He thought even yet, the truth to speak, that he
could make music to her ear.
23. She bade me I should but teach him how to tell my
^{the} story.
24. Some say that here a murder has been done, and
blood cries out for blood.

(C) ADVERB CLAUSES.

I.—Adverb Clause of Time.

1. He came when I called him.
2. Say good-bye before you go.
3. They conversed very earnestly as they went along.
4. She would only wait until the clock struck six.

II.—Adverb Clause of Place.

1. He lives where I once did.
2. Whither I go, ye cannot come.
3. Wherever you go, you will find difficulties.
4. Fly thither, whence thou fled'st.

III.—Adverb Clause of Manner.

1. He dresses as he always did.
2. The man started as if he had seen a ghost.
3. Heaven does with us as we with torches do.

IV.—Adverb Clause of Degree.

1. She is as good as she looks.
2. We found it harder than we expected.
3. The higher you go, the colder it becomes.

V.—Adverb Clause of Cause or Reason.

1. I came because you called me.
2. Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay !

3. I accept your offer, since you have been to so much trouble.

VI.—Adverb Clause of Result or Effect.

1. I am so tired that I must go to bed.
2. The girl cried till her eyes were quite red.
3. Is he so clever then, that he should receive such a position?

VII.—Adverb Clause of End or Purpose.

1. He stayed at home in order that I might go.
2. He works hard that he may go to college.
3. Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation.

VIII.—Adverb Clause of Condition.

1. I shall go if I get permission.
2. Unless you try hard you will fail.
3. It never rains but it pours.
4. You may go provided you are back at six.

IX.—Adverb Clause of Concession.

1. He failed though he tried hard.
2. He will fail try he never so hard.
3. Say what you will, you cannot deceive me.
4. Granted that he is young, he is quite able for the work.

PLAN FOR PARSING.

NOUNS AND PRONOUNS.		VERBS.	ADJECTIVES.	ADVERBS.	PREPOSITIONS.	CONJUNCTIONS.
1. Kind.	1. Prin. parts.	1. Kind.	1. Kind.	1. Word governed.	1. Kind.	
2. Gender.	2. Kind.		2. (Comparison, if any.)	2. Words related	2. Words, phrases, or clauses, joined.	
3. Person.	3. Conjugation.		2. (Degrees of Comparison, if any.)	3. Word modified.		
4. Number.	4. Mood.					
5. Case.	5. Voice.		3. Function (descriptive or restrictive).			
6. Connection.	6. Tense.			4. Word modified.		
	7. Person.					
	8. Number.					
	9. Agreement.					

PARSING.

"I must take the liberty to say that there was a time, but a few years ago—a true age of honour—when there were generous spirits who would not have offended me by treating my name with the familiarity which you have now used."

Nouns.

time—Noun—common—neuter—third person—singular—nominative—predicate complement of “was.”

age—Noun—common—neuter—third—singular—nominative in apposition with “time.”

years—Noun—common—neuter—third—plural—adverbial objective.

honour—Noun—abstract—singular—objective governed by “of.”

Adjectives.

few—Quantitative adjective—restrictive—modifying “years.”

generous—Adjective of quality—descriptive, positive degree—modifying “spirits.”

my—Possessive pronominal adjective—modifying “name.”

Pronouns.

I—Personal Pronoun—either gender—first person—singular—nominative—subject of “must take.”

which—Relative Pronoun—antecedent “familiarity”—neuter—third—singular—object of “have used.”

Verbs.

must take—Verb phrase—take, took, taken—old conjugation—transitive—obligative—active—present—first—singular—agreeing with “I.”

would have offended—Verb phrase—offend, offended, offended—new conjugation—transitive—conditional—active—past—third—plural—agreeing with “who.”

have used—Verb phrase—use, used, used—new—transitive—indicative—active—perfect—second—singular—agreeing with “you.”

to say—Verb—say, said, said—new—transitive—infinitive—active—present—adverbial objective—adjunct of “liberty.”

treating—Verb—treat, treated, treated—new—transitive gerund—governed by “by” and governing “name.”

Adverbs.

there—Adverb having lost all adverbial function, used as an introductory word to the clause “there was a time.”

but—Adverb of degree—modifying a “few.”

now—Adverb of time—modifying “have used.”

Prepositions.

by—Preposition—governing “treating” and relating it to “would have offended.”

with—Preposition—governing “familiarity” and relating it to “treating.”

Conjunctions.

that—Subordinating conjunction—joining the noun clause “there was a time” to the infinitive “to say.”

when—Subordinating conjunction—joining the adjective clause “there were generous spirits” to the noun “time.”

PLAN FOR CLAUSE ANALYSIS.

“Large was his bounty and his soul sincere ;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
He gave to misery all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heaven, 'twas all he wish'd, a friend.”

Principal Clause I—“Large was his bounty and his soul sincere.”

Principal Clause II—“Heaven did a recompense as largely send.”

Principal Clause III—“He gave to misery all, a tear.”

Principal Clause IV—“He gained from Heaven a friend.”

Subordinate Clause A—“he had”—Adjective clause—restrictive
—modifying “all.”

Subordinate Clause B—“'twas all”—Noun clause—objective—
in apposition with “friend.”

Subordinate Clause C—“he wish'd”—Adjective clause—restrictive—modifying “all.”

Analyse the following, and parse the words in Italics :—

1. *He said that he would come when he could.*
2. *He said that he would come if he could.*
3. *He said that he would come since he was invited.*
4. *He said he would sit where it was warm.*
5. *He sat in the chair where he was put, though it was cold.*

6. I know when you are going, and where the birds *may be found*.
7. "He is better *than* he was *yesterday*," said Charlie.
8. That he was dead was easily seen *by* the doctor, *who* hurried to the spot.
9. The doctor was glad that he was called *in time*.
10. He came *at once*, *so that* he *might* *relieve* the terrible pain.
11. He determined that he *would ask* if he might be of any use.
12. The carpenter was told that he *must do his best* with *what* material he *had*.
13. When I told you, lady, my state was *nothing*, *then* I should have told you that it was worse than nothing.
14. *This* is *why* I sojourn here alone, *though* the sedge is withered from the lake, and *no* birds sing.
15. That you have escaped the consequences *is* due not *so much* to your good management *as* to your good fortune.
16. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly.
17. *There's* not a joy the world *can give*, *like that* it takes away.
18. The woman in *such* piteous *sort* that *any* heart *had ached to hear* her, begged that, *whereso'er* I went, I would ask for him whom she had lost.

19. Strong *climber* of the mountain, though thou disdain the vale, yet walk with me where hawthorns hide the wonders of the vale.
20. When the men who *were exploring* the pit ascertained that the water had reached a certain level, they knew that the *imprisoned colliers* could not be rescued *without* great difficulty.
21. Those who reason in this manner do not observe that they are setting up a general rule, *of all the least to be endured*; *namely*, that secrecy, whenever secrecy is practicable, will justify any action.
22. Though a boy must have faith in his master yet he *must learn to judge* for himself, *for* it is certainly true that he who does not learn to exercise his judgment, can never succeed.
23. Old Lord Capulet made a great supper, at which *all* the admired beauties of Verona were present, and all comers were made *welcome*, if they were not of the house of Montague.
24. At this feast, Rosaline, *beloved* of Romeo, was present; and though it was dangerous for a Montague to be there, yet Romeo was persuaded *to go* in disguise, that he might see his Rosaline.
25. Old Capulet bade them welcome, and told them that the ladies who had their toes *unplagued* with corns would dance with them.
26. Romeo watched the place where the lady stood, and *under* favour of his masking habit, he presumed in the gentlest manner *to take* her by the hand, *calling* it a shrine, and saying that if he profaned by

touching it, he was a pilgrim and would kiss it for atonement.

27. "Good *pilgrim*," answered the lady, "your devotion shows *too courtly*; saints have hands which pilgrims may touch, but *kiss* not."
28. A prodigious *birth* of love *it seemed* to her that she must love her enemy, and that her affections should settle there, where family considerations should induce her *to hate*.
29. Bad news, which always travels *faster than good*, now brought the dismal story of *Juliet's* death to Romeo, at Mantua, *before* the messenger could arrive *who* was sent from Friar Lawrence *to apprise* him that these were mock funerals *only*, and that Juliet was not really dead.
30. Shylock, the Jew, lived at Venice; he was an usurer, who had amassed a great fortune by *lending* money to Christian merchants when they were *in difficulties*.
31. Whenever Antonio met Shylock, he used *to reproach* him with his usuries and hard dealings, which the Jew would hear with *seeming* patience, *while* he secretly meditated revenge.
32. Whenever Bassanio wanted money, Antonio assisted him; and *it seemed* as if they had *but one heart* and one purse between them, *so great* was Antonio's generosity.
33. *On this*, Shylock thought within himself, "If I can once catch him on the hip, I will feed *fat* the ancient grudge I bear him, *because* he hates our

nation, and rails at my *well-earned* bargains which he calls *interest*.

34. Antonio replied: "If you lend *me* this money, *lend* it not to me as to a friend, but *rather* lend it as to an enemy, *that*, if I break, you *may* with better face *exact* the penalty."
35. Shylock *pretending* that *all* he did was *to gain* Antonio's love, said he would lend three thousand ducats; *only* Antonio *should go* with him to a lawyer, and *there* sign a bond, that if he did not repay the money by a certain day, he would forfeit a pound of his own flesh.
36. I say that *to buy* his favour I offer this friendship; if he will take it, *so*; *if not, adieu*.
37. The rich heiress that Bassanio wished *to marry* *lived* at Belmont; her name was Portia, and in the graces of her person and mind she was *nothing inferior* to that Portia, of whom we read, who was Cato's daughter, and the *wife* of Brutus.
38. Bassanio was so overpowered with gratitude and wonder at the gracious manner in which Portia accepted of a man of his humble fortunes, that he could not express his joy to the dear lady who so honoured him; *but taking* the *offered* *ring*, he vowed never *to part* with it.
39. "Sweet Bassanio, my ships are all lost, my bond to the Jew is forfeited, and *since* in *paying it* is impossible I should live, I could wish to see you before I die; *notwithstanding*, *use* your pleasure;

if your love for me *do not persuade* you to come,
let not my letter."

40. Portia began to *consider* within herself if she could by any means be instrumental in *saving* her dear Bassanio's friend ; and, notwithstanding *when* she wished to *honour* Bassanio, she had said to him with wife-like grace, that she would submit to be *governed* by his superior wisdom, yet *being called* to *action* by Antonio's peril, she *did nothing doubt* her *own* powers, and *at once* resolved to go to Venice.

41. Now as it was utterly impossible for Shylock to *cut off* the pound of flesh without *shedding* Antonio's blood, this wise *discovery* of Portia's, that it was flesh and not *blood* that was named in the bond, *saved* the life of Antonio.

42. The generous Antonio then said that he would give up his share of Shylock's wealth if Shylock *would make it over* at his death to his daughter and her husband ; *for* Antonio knew that the Jew *had* an *only* daughter who had lately married Lorenzo, *which* had so offended Shylock that he had dis-inherited her.

43. *He that is down need fear no fall,*
He that is low no pride.

44. He felt that *all* was over,
 He knew the *child* was dead.

45. *As we stand by his grave,*
-Let us mourn for the brave
Who fell in the year that has been.

46. *Clasped* in his arms, I *little* thought
That I should *never more* behold him.
47. Had I *but* served my God with *half* the zeal
I served my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me *naked* to mine enemies.
48. He thought *even yet*, the *truth to speak*,
That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.
49. If plants *be cut*, because their fruits are small,
Think you to thrive, that bear no fruit *at all*.
50. There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion *like* an angel *sings*.
51. A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man.
52. I am so *deeply smitten* through the helm,
That *without* help I may not last till morn.
53. When the warm sun *that* brings
Seedtime and *harvest*, *has returned* again,
'Tis *sweet* to visit the *still* wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.
54. *Come as* the winds *come*, when
Forests are rended ;
Come as the waves *come*, when
Navies are *stranded*.
55. "If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak *out*, *for* I dare not *lie* :
Pull *off*, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace *by*!"

56. 'Twice have I sought Clan Alpine's glen
 In peace ; but when I come again,
 I come with banner, brand and bow,
 As leader seeks his mortal foe.

57. Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed,
 That saved she might be ;
 And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
 On the lake of Galilee.

58. When I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me must more be heard of, say I taught thee.

59. Woe doth the heavier sit
 Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
 For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
 The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

60. There is a time, we know not when,
 A place we know not where,
 That marks the destiny of men
 To glory or despair.

61. In the down-hill of life, when I find I'm declining,
 May my lot no less fortunate be,
 Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,
 And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea.

62. Some say that here a murder has been done
 And blood cries out for blood ; but, for my part,
 I've guessed, when I've been sitting in the sun,
 That it was all for that unhappy hart.

63. It's *dull* in our town *since* my playmates *left*,
 I can't forget *that* I'm bereft
 Of all the pleasant *sights* they *see*,
Which the piper also promised *me*.

64. Never be it ours
To see the sun how brightly it will shine,
 And know that noble feelings, manly powers,
Instead of gathering strength must droop and pine.

65. *To be*, or not to be : that is the question :
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to *suffer*
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And *by opposing* end them ?

66. To die : to sleep ;
No more ; and by a sleep *to say* we end
 The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly *to be* wish'd.

67. To die, to sleep ;
 To sleep : *perchance* to dream : *ay*, there's the rub ;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams *may come*
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.

68. Who *would* fardels *bear*,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
 The undiscover'd *country* from whose bourn
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather *bear* those ills we have
 Than fly to others that we know not *of*?

69. From one stage of our *being* to the *next*
 We pass *unconscious* o'er a slender bridge,
 The momentary work of unseen hands,
 Which crumbles down behind us ; looking back,
 We see the other shore, the gulf *between*,
 And, marvelling how we won *to* where we stand,
 Content ourselves *to call* the builder *Chance*.

70. And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast *to be*
Borne, *like* thy bubbles, onward : *from* a boy
 I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
 Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
 Made *them* a *terror*, 'twas a pleasing fear,
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows, far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

71. While resentment rose,
 Striving to hide, *what none* could heal, the *wounds*
 Of mortified presumption, I adhered
 More firmly to old tenets, and, *to prove*
 Their temper strained them more ; and thus, in heat
 Of contest, did opinions every day
 Grow into consequence, till round my mind
 They clung, as if they were its life, *nay more*,
 The *very being* of the immortal soul.

72. Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear ;
 If we *were things* born
 Not *to shed* a tear,
 I know not *how* thy joy we ever could come *near*.

73. Teach me *half* the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips *would flow*,
The world *should listen* then, as I am listening now.

74. When, *linnet-like* confinéd, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The *sweetness*, mercy, majesty
And glories of my King ;
When I shall *voice* aloud how good
He is, how *great* should be,
Enlargéd winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

75. Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a *cage* ;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage ;
If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels *alone*, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

76. Look at the fate of summer flowers,
Which blow at day-break, *droop* ere *even-song* ;
And, grieved at their brief date, *confess* that *ours*,
Measured by what we are and ought to be,
Measured by all that, trembling, we foresee,
Is not so long !

77. If human Life do pass away,
Perishing yet more swiftly than the *flower*,
If we are creatures of a winter's day ;

What space hath Virgin's beauty *to disclose*
 Her sweets, and triumph o'er the breathing rose ?
 Not even an hour !

78. The deepest grove whose foliage hid
 The happiest lovers Arcady might boast,
 Could not the entrance of this thought *forbid* :
 O be thou wise as *they*, *soul-gifted Maid* !
 Nor *rate* too lightly what must so quickly fade,
 So soon *be lost* !

79. A maiden *knight*—to me is given
 Such hope, I know not fear ;
 I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
 That often meet me here.
 I muse on joy that will not cease,
 Pure *spaces* clothed in living beams,
 Pure lilies of eternal peace,
 Whose odours haunt my dreams ;
 And, *stricken* by an angel's hand,
 This mortal *armour* that I wear,
 This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
 Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

80. The clouds are broken in the sky,
 And thro' the mountain-walls
 A rolling organ-harmony
 Swells up, and shakes and falls.
 Then *move* the trees, the copses nod,
 Wings flutter, voices hover *clear* :
 'O just and faithful knight of God !
 Ride on ! the prize is near.'

So pass I hostel, hall and grange ;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-arm'd I ride, *whate'er betide,*
Until I find the holy Grail.

81. *Dreamer* of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the *crooked straight* ?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleeping region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

82. Folk say, a wizard to a northern king
At Christmas tide such wondrous things *did shew*,
That through one window men beheld the spring,
And through another saw the summer glow,
And through a *third* the fruited vines *a-row*,
While still, *unheard, but* in its wonted way,
Piped the drear wind of that December day.

POEMS SELECTED FOR ANALYSIS

AND FOR

SUPPLEMENTARY READING.

“LET ME NOT TO THE MARRIAGE OF TRUE MINDS.”

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove :
Oh, no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

—*Shakespeare.*

“WHEN, IN DISGRACE WITH FORTUNE AND
MEN'S EYES.”

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least ;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth sings hymns at heaven's gate ;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

THE FAIRY LIFE.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I :
 In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
 There I couch, when owls do cry :
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough !

Come unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands :
 Courtsied when you have, and kiss'd
 The wild waves whist,
 Foot it feately here and there ;
 And, sweet Sprites, the burthen bear.

Hark, hark !
 Bow-wow.
 The watch-dogs bark :
 Bow-wow.
 Hark, hark ! I hear
 The strain of strutting chanticleer
 Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow !

—*Shakespeare.*

TO DAFFODILS.

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon ;
 As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attained his noon.

Stay, stay,
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the even-song ;
 And, having pray'd together, we
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you ;
 We have as short a spring ;
 As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you, or anything.
 We die
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away,
 Like to the summer's rain ;
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

Robert Herrick.

TO ANTHEA WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANY THING.

Bid me to live, and I will live
 Thy Protestant to be :
 Or bid me love, and I will give
 A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
 A heart as sound and free
 As in the whole world thou canst find,
 That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
 To honour thy decree :
 Or bid it languish quite away,
 And't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
 While I have eyes to see :
 And having none, yet I will keep
 A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
 Under that cypress tree :
 Or bid me die, and I will dare
 E'en Death, to die for thee.

*Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me,
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.*

—*Robert Herrick.*

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning, chide :
“ Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ? ”
I fondly ask : but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, “ God doth not need
Either man’s work, or his own gifts ; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best : his state
Is kingly : thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o’er land and ocean without rest ;
They also serve who only stand and wait.”

—*Milton.*

THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER.

Here lies old Hobson ; Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas ! hath laid him in the dirt ;
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He’s here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that, if truth were known,
Death was half-glad when he had got him down ;
For he had, any time, this ten years full,
Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and The Bull.
And surely Death could never have prevailed,
Had not his weekly course of carriage failed ;
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey’s end was come,
And that he had ta’en up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlin,

Showed him his room where he must lodge that night,
 Pulled off his boots, and took away the light :
 If any ask for him it shall be said,
 "Hobson has supt, and's newly gone to bed."

—Milton.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
 Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
 First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
 Portend success in love. O, if Jove's will
 Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,
 Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
 Foretell my hopeless doom, in some grove nigh ;
 As thou from year to year hast sung too late
 For my relief, yet hadst no reason why.
 Whither the Muse, or Love, call thee his mate,
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

—Milton.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

Avenge, O Lord ! thy slaughter'd Saints, whose bones
 Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold ;
 Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old
 When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones

Forget not : In thy book record their groans
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that roll'd
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple tyrant, that from these may grow
 A hundred-fold, who, having learnt Thy way,
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

—Milton.

“THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.”

The world is too much with us ; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :
 Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !

The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;
 For these, for everything, we are out of tune ;

It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed out-worn ;
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

—*Wordsworth.*

ON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

Earth has not anything to show more fair :
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty :
 This city now doth, like a garment, wear
 The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields and to the sky ;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ;
 Never saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
 The river glideth at his own sweet will ;
 Dear God ! The very houses seem asleep,
 And all that mighty heart is lying still.

—*Wordsworth.*

ENGLAND AND SWITZERLAND.

Two Voices are there, one is of the Sea,
 One of the Mountains, each a mighty voice :
 In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
 They were thy chosen music, Liberty !

There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
 Thou fought'st against him,—but hast vainly striven ;
 Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven
 Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee

—Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft ;
 Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left—
 For, high-soul'd Maid, what sorrow would it be

That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
 And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
 And neither awful Voice be heard by thee !

— *Wordsworth.*

THE REAPER.

Behold her, single in the field,
 Yon solitary Highland Lass !
 Reaping and singing by herself ;
 Stop here, or gently pass !
 Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
 And sings a melancholy strain ;
 O listen ! for the vale profound
 Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
 More welcome notes to weary bands
 Of travellers in some shady haunt,
 Among Arabian sands :
 No sweeter voice was ever heard
 In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago :
 Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of to-day ?
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
 That has been, and may be again !

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending ;
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending ;
 I listen'd till I had my fill ;
 And as I mounted up the hill
 The music in my heart I bore
 Long after it was heard no more.

— *Wordsworth.*

TO THE DAISY.

Bright Flower ! whose home is everywhere,
 Bold in maternal Nature's care,
 And all the long years through the heir
 Of joy or sorrow ;
 Methinks that there abides in thee
 Some concord with humanity,
 Given to no other flower I see
 The forest thorough !

Is it that Man is soon deprest ?
 A thoughtless Thing ! who, once unblest,
 Does little on his memory rest,
 Or on his reason,
 And Thou would'st teach him how to find
 A shelter under every wind,
 A hope for times that are unkind
 And every season.

Thou wander'st the wide world about
Uncheck'd by pride or scrupulous doubt,
With friends to greet thee, or without,

Yet pleased and willing ;
Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,
And all things suffering from all,
Thy function apostolical,

In peace fulfilling. — *Wordsworth.*

“ MY HEART LEAPS UP WHEN I BEHOLD.”

My heart leaps up when I behold

A rainbow in the sky :

So was it when my life began,

So is it now I am a man,

So be it when I shall grow old

Or let me die !

The Child is father of the Man :

And I could wish my days to be

Bound each to each by natural piety.

— *Wordsworth.*

TO MARY UNWIN.

Mary ! I want a lyre with other strings,
Such aid from heaven as some have feign'd they drew,
An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new
And undebased by praise of meaner things,

That ere through age or woe I shed my wings
I may record thy worth with honour due,
In verse as musical as thou art true
And that immortalizes whom it sings :—

But thou hast little need. There is a Book
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,

A chronicle of actions just and bright—
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine ;
And since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

— *W. Cowper.*

LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

Toll for the Brave !
 The brave that are no more !
 All sunk beneath the wave
 Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave
 Whose courage well was tried,
 Had made the vessel heel
 And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds
 And she was overset ;
 Down went the Royal George,
 With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !
 Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
 His last sea-fight is fought,
 His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
 No tempest gave the shock ;
 She sprang no fatal leak,
 She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
 His fingers held the pen,
 When Kempenfelt went down
 With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up .
 Once dreaded by our foes !
 And mingle with our cup
 The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
 And she may float again
 Full charged with England's thunder,
 And plough the distant main :

But Kempenfelt is gone,
 His victories are o'er ;
 And he and his eight hundred
 Shall plough the wave no more.

— *W. Cowper.*

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne :
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken ;
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes

He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
 Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

— *John Keats.*

TO AUTUMN.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness !
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?

Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,

Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,

Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twinèd flowers ;

And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep

Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,

Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they ?

Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,

And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn

Among the river sallows, borne aloft

Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;

Hedge-crickets sing ; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,

And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

—John Keats.

TO THE NILE.

Son of the old moon-mountains African !

Stream of the pyramid and crocodile !

We call thee fruitful and that very while

A desert fills our seeing's inward span :

Nurse of swart nations since the world began,

Art thou so fruitful ? or dost thou beguile

Those men to honour thee, who, worn with toil,

Rest them a space 'twixt Cairo and Decan ?

O may dark fancies err ! They surely do :

'Tis ignorance that makes a barren waste

Of all beyond itself. Thou dost bedew

Green rushes like our rivers, and dost taste

The pleasant sun-rise. Green isles hast thou too,

And to the sea as happily dost haste.

—John Keats.

THE TERROR OF DEATH.

When I have fears that I may cease to be
 Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
 Before high-piléd books, in charact'ry
 Hold like rich garners the full-ripen'd grain ;

When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,
 Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
 And think that I may never live to trace
 Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance ;

And when I feel, fair Creature of an hour !
 That I shall never look upon thee more,
 Never have relish in the fairy power
 Of unreflecting love—then on the shore

Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
 Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

—*John Keats.*

TO NIGHT.

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
 Spirit of Night !
 Out of the misty eastern cave,
 Where, all the long and lone daylight,
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
 Which make thee terrible and dear,—
 Swift be thy flight !

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
 Star-inwrought !
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day ;
 Kiss her until she be wearied out,
 Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
 Touching all with thine opiate wand—
 Come, long sought !

When I arose and saw the dawn,
 I sighed for thee ;
 When light rode high, and the dew was gone,

And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
 And the weary Day turned to his rest,
 Lingering like an unloved guest,
 I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
 Wouldst thou me ?
 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
 Murmured like a noontide bee,
 Shall I nestle near thy side ?
 Wouldst thou me ?—And I replied,
 No, not thee !

Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon—
 Sleep will come when thou art fled ;
 Of neither would I ask the boon
 I ask of thee, beloved Night—
 Swift be thine approaching flight.
 Come soon, soon !

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

TO THE NILE.

Month after month the gathered rains descend
 Drenching yon secret Æthiopian dells,
 And from the desert's ice-girt pinnacles
 Where Frost and Heat in strange embraces blend
 On Atlas, fields of moist snow half depend.
 Girt there with blasts and meteors Tempest dwells
 By Nile's ærial urn, with rapid spells
 Urging those waters to their mighty end.
 O'er Egypt's land of Memory floods are level
 And they are thine, O Nile—and well thou knowest
 That soul-sustaining airs and blasts of evil
 And fruits and poisons spring where'er thou flowest.
 Beware, O Man—for knowledge must to thee
 Like the great flood to Egypt, ever be.

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

OZYMANDIAS OF EGYPT.

I met a traveller from an antique land
 Who said : Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
 Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand
 Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown
 And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,
 The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed ;
 And on the pedestal these words appear :
 'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings :
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair !'
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

SHAKESPEARE.

Others abide our question. Thou art free,
 We ask and ask. Thou smilest, and art still,
 Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill,
 Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,

Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
 Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
 Spares but the cloudy border of his base
 To the foiled searching of mortality ;

And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
 Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honored, self-secure,
 Didst tread on earth unguessed at.—Better so !

All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
 All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
 Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

THE LAST WORD.

Creep into thy narrow bed,
 Creep, and let no more be said !
 Vain thy onset ! all stands fast.
 Then thyself must break at last.

Let the long contention cease !
 Geese are swans and swans are geese.
 Let them have it how they will !
 Thou art tired ; best be still.

They out-talk'd thee, hiss'd thee, tore thee ?
 Better men fared thus before thee ;
 Fired their ringing shot and pass'd,
 Hotly charged—and sank at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb !
 Let the victors, when they come,
 When the forts of folly fall,
 Find thy body by the wall.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD.

Oh, to be in England
 Now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England—now !

And after April when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows—
 Hark ! where blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field, and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dew-drops,—at the bent spray's edge,—
 That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,
 Lest you should think he never could recapture
 The first fine careless rapture.

And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noon tide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower,
 Far brighter than this gaudy melon flower.

—R. Browning.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM THE SEA.

Nobly, nobly Cape St. Vincent to the North-west died away ;
 Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeling into Cadiz Bay ;
 Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay ;
 In the dimest North-east distance dawned Gibraltar grand and
 grey ;
 'Here and there did England help me : how can I help England ?'
 —say,

Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
 While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

—R. Browning.

BEAUTY AND THE BIRD.

She fluted with her mouth as when one sips,
 And gently waved her golden head, inclin'd
 Outside his cage close to the window-blind :
 Till her fond bird, with little turns and dips,
 Piped low to her of sweet companionships.
 And when he made an end, some seed took she
 And fed him from her tongue, which rosily
 Peeped as a piercing bud between her lips.

And like the child in Chaucer, on whose tongue
 The Blessed Mary laid, when he was dead,
 A grain,—who straightway praised her name in song :
 Even so, when she, a little lightly red,
 Now turned on me and laughed, I heard the throng
 Of inner voices praise her golden head.

—D. G. Rossetti.

THE CHOICE.

Think thou and act ; to-morrow thou shalt die.
 Outstretched in the sun's warmth upon the shore,
 Thou say'st : " Man's measured path is all gone o'er :
 'Up all his years, steeply, with strain and sigh,
 Man climb until he touched the truth ; and I,
 Even I, am he whom it was destined for."
 How should this be ! Art thou then so much more
 Than they who sowed, that thou shouldst reap thereby ?

Nay, come up hither. From this wave-washed mound
 Unto the furthest flood-brim look with me ;
 Then reach on with thy thought till it be drown'd.
 Miles and miles distant though the last line be,
 And though thy soul sail leagues and leagues beyond,—
 Still, leagues beyond those leagues, there is more sea.

—D. G. Rossetti.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

The more we live, more brief appear
 Our life's succeeding stages :
 A day to childhood seems a year,
 And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth
 Ere passion yet disorders,
 Steals lingering like a river smooth
 Along its grassy borders.

But as the careworn cheek grows wan,
 And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
 Ye Stars, that measure life to man,
 Why seem your courses quicker ?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath
 And life itself is vapid,
 Why, as we reach the Falls of Death,
 Feel we its tide more rapid ?

It may be strange—yet who would change
 Time's course to slower speeding,
 When one by one our friends have gone
 And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
 Indemnifying fleetness ;
 And those of youth, a seeming length,
 Proportion'd to their sweetness.

—*T. Campbell.*

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Star that bringest home the bee,
 And sett'st the weary labourer free !
 If any star shed peace, 'tis Thou
 That send'st it from above,
 Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow
 Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
 Whilst the landscape's odours rise,
 Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard
 And songs when toil is done,
 From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd
 Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
 Parted lovers on thee muse ;
 Their remembrancer in Heaven
 Of thrilling vows thou art,
 Too delicious to be riven
 By absence from the heart.

—*T. Campbell.*

“YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.”

Ye mariners of England
 That guard our native seas !
 Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze !

Your glorious standard launch again
 To match another foe :
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow ;
 While the battle rages loud and long
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave—
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And Ocean was their grave :
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow ;
 While the battle rages loud and long
 And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep ;
 Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
 Her home is on the deep.
 With thunders from her native oak
 She quells the floods below—
 As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow ;
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn ;
 Till danger's troubled night depart
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow ;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow. —*T. Campbell.*

“WHEN A MOUNTING SKYLARK SINGS.”

When a mounting skylark sings
 In the sun-lit summer morn,
 I know that heaven is up on high,
 And on earth are fields of corn.

But when a nightingale sings
 In the moon-lit summer even,
 I know not if earth is merely earth,
 Only that heaven is heaven.

—*Christina Rossetti.*

“BREATHES THERE A MAN.”

Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land !
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
 As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
 From wandering on a foreign strand !
 If such there breathes, go, mark him well ;
 For him no Minstrel raptures swell ;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentrated all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

ON THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind !
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art—
 For there thy habitation is the heart—
 The heart which love of Thee alone can bind ;

And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd,
 To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
 Their country conquers with their martyrdom
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.

Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place
 And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod,
 Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
 By Bonnivard ! May none those marks efface !
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.

—*Lord Byron.*

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

'Dear Harp of my Country ! in darkness I found thee,
 The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
 When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
 And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song !

The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
 Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill ;
 But, so oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh of sadness,
 That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country ! farewell to thy numbers,
 This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine !
 Go, sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,
 Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine ;

If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
 Have throb'd at our lay, 't is thy glory alone ;
 I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
 And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

—*Thomas Moore.*

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught,
 That serveth not another's will ;
 Whose armour is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill ;

Whose passions not his masters are ;
 Whose soul is still prepar'd for death,
 Untied unto the world with care
 Of public fame or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
 Or vice ; hath ever understood
 How deepest wounds are given with praise,
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

Who hath his life from humours freed ;
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray,
 More of his grace than gifts to lend ;
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a well-chosen book or friend.

This man is free from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

—*Sir Henry Wotton.*

THE NILE.

It flows through old hush'd Egypt and its sands,
 Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream ;
 And times and things, as in that vision, seem
 Keeping along it their eternal stands,—
 Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands
 That roam'd through the young earth, the glory extreme
 Of sweet Sesostris, and that southern beam,
 The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands.
 Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,
 As of a world left empty of its throng,
 And the void weighs on us ; and then we wake,
 And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
 'Twixt villages, and think how we shall take
 Our own calm journey on for human sake. —*Leigh Hunt.*

THE SONG OF DAVID.

He sang of God, the mighty source
 Of all things, the stupendous force
 On which all strength depends :
 From Whose right arm, beneath Whose eyes,
 All period, power, and enterprise
 Commences, reigns, and ends.

The world, the clustering spheres He made,
 The glorious light, the soothing shade,
 Dale, champaign, grove and hill :
 The multitudinous abyss,
 Where secrecy remains in bliss,
 And wisdom hides her skill.

Tell them, I AM, Jehovah said
 To Moses : while Earth heard in dread,
 And, smitten to the heart,
 At once, above, beneath, around,
 All Nature, without voice or sound,
 Replied, "O Lord, THOU ART."

—C. Smart.

ODE.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
 By all their country's wishes blest !
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
 And Freedom shall a while repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit there.

—William Collins.

NIGHT AND DEATH.

Mysterious Night ! when our first parent knew
 Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
 Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
 This glorious canopy of light and blue ?
 Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew
 Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
 Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
 And lo ! creation widened in man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
 Within thy rays, O Sun, or who could find,
 Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
 That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind ?
 Why do we then shun death with anxious strife,
 If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not life ?

—*Joseph Blanco White.*

A LIVING YEAR.

Why cry so many voices, choked with tears,
 "The year is dead"? It rather seems to me
 Full of such rich and boundless life to be,
 It is a presage of the eternal years.
 Must it not live in us while we, too, live?
 Part of ourselves are now the joys it brought,
 Part of ourselves is, too, the good it wrought
 In days of darkness. Years to come may give
 Less conflict, less of pain, less doubt, dismay,
 A larger share of brightness than this last ;
 But victory won in darkness that is past
 Is a possession that will far outweigh
 All we have lost. So let us rather cry,
 This year of grace still lives ; it cannot die !

—*M. G. Slocum.*

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

(ON THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.)

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
 The ship has weathered every rock, the prize we sought is won.
 The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,

When on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
 Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
 For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores
 a-crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
 Here Captain, dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck,
 You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
 The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes it with object won;

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!

But I with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

—Walt Whitman.

SLEEP.

Come, Sleep! O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
 The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 Th' indifferent judge between the high and low;
 With shield of proof, shield me from out the press
 Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw;

O make in me those civil wars to cease ;
 I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
 Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
 A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,
 A rosy garland and a weary head :
 And if these things, as being there by right,
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
 Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

—Sir Philip Sidney.

LIFE.

Life ! I know not what thou art,
 But know that thou and I must part ;
 And when, or how, or where we met,
 I own to me's a secret yet.
 But this I know, when thou art fled,
 Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
 No clod so valueless shall be,
 As all that then remains of me.
 O whither, whither dost thou fly,
 Where bend unseen thy trackless course,
 And in this strange divorce,
 Ah ! tell where I must seek this compound I ?

To the vast ocean of empyreal flame,
 From whence thy essence came,
 Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed
 From matter's base, encumbering weed ?
 Or dost thou, hid from sight,
 Wait, like some spell-bound knight,
 Though blank oblivious years the appointed hour,
 To break thy trance and re-assume thy power !
 Yet canst thou without thought or feeling be ?
 O say what art thou, when no more thou'rt thee ?

Life ! we've been long together,
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;
 'T is hard to part when friends are dear ;
 Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear ;

Then steal away, give little warning,
 Choose thine own time ;
 Say not good night, but in some brighter clime
 Bid me good morning.

—*Mrs. Barbauld.*

THE LARK.

Bird of the wilderness,
 Blithesome and cumberless,
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling place—
 O to abide in the desert with thee !
 Wild is thy lay, and loud,
 Far in the downy cloud,
 Love gives it energy—love gave it birth.
 Where, on thy dewy wing,
 Where art thou journeying ?
 Thy lay is in heaven—thy love is on earth.
 O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
 Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,
 Musical cherub, soar, singing, away !
 Then, when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather blooms
 Sweet will be thy welcome and bed of love be !
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—
 O to abide in the desert with thee !

—*James Hogg.*

TO CELIA.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine ;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup
 And I'll not look for wine.

The thirst that from the soul doth rise
 Doth ask a drink divine ;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honouring thee
 As giving it a hope that there
 It could not wither'd be ;
 But thou thereon didst only breathe
 And sent'st it back to me ;
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself but thee !

—*B. Jonson.*

A SONG FOR MUSIC.

Weep you no more, sad fountains :—
 What need you flow so fast ?
 Look how the snowy mountains
 Heaven's sun doth gently waste !
 But my Sun's heavenly eyes
 View not your weeping,
 That now lies sleeping
 Softly, now softly lies,
 Sleeping.

Sleeping is a reconciling,
 A rest that peace begets :—
 Doth not the sun rise smiling,
 When fair at ev'n he sets ?
 —Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes !
 Melt not in weeping !
 While She lies sleeping
 Softly, now softly lies,
 Sleeping !

—*Anon.*

TO MARY.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
 I might not weep for thee ;
 But I forgot, when by thy side,
 That thou couldst mortal be :
 It never through my mind had past
 The time would e'er be o'er,
 And I on thee should look my last,
 And thou shouldst smile no more !

And still upon that face I look,
 And think 'twill smile again ;
 And still the thought I will not brook
 That I must look in vain !
 But when I speak—thou dost not say,
 What thou ne'er left'st unsaid ;
 And now I feel, as well I may,
 Sweet Mary ! thou art dead !

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,
 All cold and all serene—
 I still might press thy silent heart,
 And where thy smiles have been !
 While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
 Thou seemest still mine own ;
 But there I lay thee in thy grave—
 And I am not alone !

I do not think, where'er thou art,
 Thou hast forgotten me ;
 And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
 In thinking too of thee :
 Yet there was round thee such a dawn
 Of light ne'er seen before,
 As fancy never could have drawn,
 And never can restore !

—C. Wolfe.

THE GIFTS OF GOD.

When God at first made Man,
 Having a glass of blessings standing by ;
 Let us (said he) pour on him all we can :
 Let the world's riches, which disperséd lie,
 Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way ;
 Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure :
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,
 Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
 Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said he)
 Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
 He would adore my gifts instead of me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature
 So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining restlessness ;
 Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 May toss him to my breast.

—*G. Herbert.*

YOUTH AND AGE.

Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
 Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
 Both were mine ! Life went a-maying
 With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
 When I was young !
 When I was young ?—Ah, woful when !
 Ah ! for the change 'twixt Now and Then !
 This breathing house not built with hands,
 This body that does me grievous wrong,
 O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands
 How lightly then it flash'd along :

Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
 On winding lakes and rivers wide,
 That ask no aid of sail or oar,
 That fear no spite of wind or tide !
 Nought cared this body for wind or weather
 When Youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely ; Love is flower-like ;
 Friendship is a sheltering tree ;
 O ! the joys, that came down shower-like,
 Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
 Ere I was old !

Ere I was old ? Ah woful Ere,
 Which tells me, Youth's no longer here !
 O Youth ! for years so many and sweet
 'Tis known that Thou and I were one, —
 I'll think it but a fond conceit—
 It cannot be, that Thou art gone !
 Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd :—
 And thou wert aye a masker bold !
 What strange disguise hast now put on
 To make believe that thou art gone ?
 I see these locks in silvery slips,
 This drooping gait, this alter'd size :
 But Springtide blossoms on thy lips,
 And tears take sunshine from thine eyes !
 Life is but Thought : so think I will
 That Youth and I are housemates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
 But the tears of mournful eve !
 Where no hope is, life's a warning
 That only serves to make us grieve
 When we are old :
 —That only serves to make us grieve
 With oft and tedious taking-leave,

Like some poor nigh-related guest
 That may not rudely be dismist,
 Yet hath out-stay'd his welcome while,
 And tells the jest without the smile.

—*S. T. Coleridge.*

ODE ON THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM
 VICISSITUDE.

Now the golden Morn aloft
 Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
 With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
 She woos the tardy Spring :
 Till April starts, and calls around
 The sleeping fragrance from the ground,
 And lightly o'er the living scene
 Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
 Frisking ply their feeble feet ;
 Forgetful of their wintry trance
 The birds his presence greet :
 But chief, the skylark warbles high
 His trembling thrilling ecstasy ;
 And lessening from the dazzled sight,
 Melts into air and liquid light.

Yesterday the sullen year
 Saw the snowy whirlwind fly ;
 Mute was the music of the air,
 The herd stood drooping by :
 Their raptures now that wildly flow
 No yesterday nor morrow know ;
 'Tis Man alone that joy descries
 With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past Misfortune's brow
 Soft Reflection's hand can trace,
 And o'er the cheek of Sorrow throw
 A melancholy grace ;

While hope prolongs our happier hour,
Or deepest shades, that dimly lour
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy Pleasure leads,
See a kindred Grief pursue ;
Behind the steps that Misery treads
Approaching Comfort view :
The hues of bliss more brightly glow
Chastised by sable tints of woe,
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again ;
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.

—T. Gray.



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